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THE NOMINAL HUSBAND: OR, DISTRESS'D INNOCENCE.

A TRUE SECRET HISTORY,

TAKEN

From an Old SAXON Manuſcript,

Found among the

Papers of a late Noble Antiquarian,

MODERNISED

For the Service of the YOUTH of both Sexes.

As Virtue never will be mov'd,
Tho' Lewdneſs court it in the Shape of Heaven,
So Vice, tho' to a radiant Angel join'd,
Will ſeat itſelf in a celeſtial Bed,
And prey on Garbage. SHAKESPEAR.

LONDON:

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head*, near *Temple-Bar*; and G. WOODFALL, at the *King's-Arms*, *Charing-Croſs*. M.DCC.L.

PREFACE.

THO' I cannot but flatter myſelf, that the following Pages, on carefully peruſing, will be found of too much Utility to ſtand in any Need of a previous Harangue to uſher them into the World, yet as a Preface to a new Book is become

almoſt equally cuſtomary with a Prologue to a new Play, and is little leſs expected by the Public, I ſhall, not only in Compliance with the Mode, but alſo for ſomewhat a better Reaſon, make my Compliments to you in the Porch, before I deſire you to walk into the Houſe.—— What I mean by ſomewhat a better Reaſon is this: the Multiplicity of Authors (ſuch as they are) and the Load of Productions with which the Preſs is continually teeming, all of which it is but too plain are not calculated, either to improve

prove the Underſtanding, or reform the Morals of the Readers, make many Perſons fearful of engaging in the Peruſal of a new Work, without knowing beforehand ſomewhat of the Contents and Deſign of it.

Be aſſured then, courteous Reader, that nothing is here advanced, that has the leaſt Tendency to corrupt the Heart, or ſooth thoſe faulty Propenſities, to which human Nature is too prone, into an Indulgence of ſuffering them to ripen into Action.——On the contrary, Vice is delineated in its

its true and proper Colours, and the ſhameful Conſequences which attend an habitual Courſe of it, exemplified in the Character of a Perſon born in a high Sphere of Life, and who had doubtleſs an Education to qualify him for making him as much reſpected, as he rendered himſelf contemptible by the Looſe he gave to his inordinate Appetites.

The Hiſtory, from which this little Piece is but an Extract, appears by its Date to have been wrote in the Year 987, a Time in which the

Britons

Britons began to degenerate from that native Simplicity, and honeſt Bravery of Mind, for which they had been once ſo famed, and become tainted with the Vices and Follies of thoſe Nations, who were unhappily mixed with them, in the ſeveral Changes of Government they had undergone. ——The Manuſcript contains about ſixty Sheets, and is crowded with many curious Anecdotes, ſome of which if exhibited, I believe would be of great Service to the Public, but I choſe to ſelect this, as the Ladies, for whom I have

a particular Regard, are ſo much intereſted in it. As to that Point, on which the Happineſs of the greateſt Part of their Life depends —— that of Marriage —— it will ſhew them, that neither Beauty, Birth, Wit, or Wealth, nor all the amiable Qualifications that Nature, or that Fortune can beſtow, are ſufficient to engage the Affections of a Man, who is devoid of Honour and Virtue. —— It will ſhew the other Sex, how the Debaucheries of Youth bring on the Defects of Maturity; and it will be a Warning to all,

who

who have the Charge of Minors, not to ſuffer them to imagine themſelves Men too ſoon.—— Theſe are the Motives, which induced me to this Publication, which if anſwered, will abundantly gratify the Ambition of

Your humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

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THE NOMINAL HUSBAND: OR DISTRESS'D INNOCENCE.

THE old *Romans* placed the Temple of *Fame* behind that of *Virtue*, to ſhew that there was no Way of arriving at the *one*, without paſſing through the *other*.—The Emblem was, certainly, extremely juſt, and had been equally ſo, if a Shrine conſecrated to *Happi-*

neſs had been alſo erected there; ſince a very little Obſervation is ſufficient to convince any one, that no Man without *Virtue* can be truly happy himſelf, or make thoſe about him ſo.

IT is not Wealth,— it is not Titles,—it is not the Homage of the vain gazing World, nor all that the greateſt Part of Mankind with ſo much Eagerneſs purſue, which can give the Poſſeſſor that innate Satisfaction which alone deſerves the Name of *Happineſs*.— This ineſtimable Bleſſing is the deſtined Reward only of undiſſembled Honour, and a Conſciouſneſs of doing well.

YET ſuch is the unlucky Bent of human Nature, that moſt People are apt to miſtake the Road to what their Wiſhes aim at:— The Paſſions, thoſe eternal

eternal Foes to Virtue, intervene, and ſpread deſtructive Proſpects before the dazzled Eye ;— we gaze, — we are charmed,— we follow the gay, gaudy Scene, till we are loſt in the Purſuit. — But of all others thoſe born and bred up in high Life, as it is called, are moſt liable to fall into the Inconveniencies ſo fatal to Repoſe.— Accuſtomed from their Infancy to be obeyed, flattered, and ſoothed with the Enjoyment of every Trifle their fond Hearts are ſet upon, they think themſelves entitled to the ſame in Maturity, — are above all Controul, even that of their own Reaſon ; and proud of the Power, as they imagine, of doing whatever they pleaſe, are only directed by the wanton Will, and indulge the immediate Call of every Appetite, tho' it ſhould happen to be never ſo luxurious, inordinate, or indeed lawleſs.

BOSCUS was one of thoſe unfortunate Perſons (as they may be juſtly term'd) who was born to be the Poſſeſſor of a greater Eſtate than he had Wiſdom to make a good Uſe of.— Not that Heaven had denied him thoſe Talents which are requiſite to render a Man deſerving of Eſteem, and a fit Member of Society, nor that he wanted all the Improvements of Education, befitting his Rank in Life; but his *Heart* was bad. — He had a natural Propenſity to Vices of the worſt Kind, which he took no Pains to examine into, much leſs to check the Growth of. — On the contrary, he imagined every thing he did was becoming in him; that his Quality was a Sanction for thoſe Actions, which he looked upon as ſhameful only when practiſed by the Vulgar; and that it was beneath his Dignity

to

to put any Conſtraint on his Inclinations.

THERE are never wanting Perſons of both Sexes, who are ready to flatter the Vices of the Great; either becauſe they are of diſſolute and abandoned Principles themſelves, or becauſe the Indigence of their Circumſtances points that out to them as the moſt likely Means of Favour and Preferment. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that *Boſcus*, one of the moſt powerful and opulent Men of his Time, ſhould find but too many to encourage and promote that Tendency to Debauchery, which from his very early Years was to be perceived in him.

SOON had he run through all the modiſh Vices of the Age he lived in, indulging each to the moſt riotous Exceſs, 'till what at firſt he looked

upon as the higheſt Pleaſure, by frequent Repetition, became, at length, quite nauſeous; yet loth to quit them, he ſtudied to improve them, by new invented Arts of ſinning. — In fine, his Manner of Life was ſuch as almoſt deprived him of the Promiſe of a Man, before he arrived at the Years of perfect Manhood.

BEING ſuch, or (as Tradition reports) even worſe than I have painted him, the Reader will ſcarce imagine that ſuch a Thing as Marriage ſhould ever enter into his Head. — The Depravity of his Morals, as well as the Debility of the natural Vigour both of his Mind and Body, one would think, ſhould have deterred him from entering into a State, the Duties of which he was ſo little capable of fulfilling. — Yet ſo it was. — Whether it were that his Friends, flattering them-

themſelves that a young and beautiful Wife would reclaim him from his wild Courſes, made their Remonſtrances to him on this Score; or, that of himſelf he took a Reſolution of becoming a Huſband, is uncertain, the Annals from which I took the Extract of this little Hiſtory being ſilent on this Point. — All that I am able to ſay is, that when any Diſcourſe of that ſort happened to come upon the Carpet, he ſeemed far from diſreliſhing it, only diſcovered a more than ordinary Delicacy in his Choice of a Lady for the Partner of his Bed. — Many honourable, and, as it was thought, unexceptionable Matches were propoſed to him, but it was a long Time before he could bring himſelf to think any one of them worthy his Acceptance. — One had not a ſufficient Share of Beauty, — another wanted Wit, — a

third had too ſmall a Fortune, — a fourth was not of a Family, and a fifth had been ſuſpected of ill Conduct. — Not that, in Reality, he had any Eſteem for the good Quality either of the Mind or Perſon; but he knew the World had, and was vain enough to be ambitious of having it ſaid, he was the Poſſeſſor of one, in whom all the Perfections of her Sex were centred.

THE fair, — the young, — the accompliſhed, and virtuous *Guideria*, was, at laſt, the Object his haughty Soul vouchſafed to pitch upon. — He acquainted ſome of his Kindred with the Sentiments he had in her Favour, and deſired they would break the Matter to thoſe under whoſe Tuition ſhe was, and who had the Power of diſpoſing of her; which they highly approving, promiſed him to do without Delay.

THIS

THIS Lady was the Daughter of *Arviragus*:—That *Arviragus*, whoſe Name ſo juſtly holds one of the firſt Places in the Records of *Fame*,—his Country's Prop and Darling,—equally eminent in the Field and Cabinet:—His Arms ſtruck Terror to his Enemies Abroad, while the Awefulneſs of his Virtue check'd the growing Vices, which, in his Time, were beginning to overſpread the Land.—Had this great, this penetrating Man been living, 'tis probable the Suit of *Boſcus* would have met a cold Reception; but he was no more, and the unfortunate *Guideria* ſuſtained a Loſs yet greater than that of the Public, or than her own Duty and Tenderneſs for ſo excellent a Parent had made her at firſt conceive.

FAVONIA, her Mother, was a Lady of great Prudence and Virtue, but it had not fallen in her Way to be made acquainted with half the Enormities which *Boſcus* was guilty of:—The worſt Part of his Character had never reached her Ears.—She having only heard, in general, that he had given too much into the Extravagancies of the Times, ſuffered herſelf to be perſuaded, that the Errors he had fallen into were chiefly owing to too great Vivacity of Temper, and merited to be looked upon as no other than the Frolics of Youth, which a very little Time and Reflection would rectify.

THE Guardians alſo, and other Kindred of the young Lady, were either deceived in their Opinions, by thoſe whom *Boſcus* had choſe to be his

Douceurs of Love; he treated her, when preſent, with a forced Reſpect, and had not the leaſt Inquietude when abſent.

HIS Kindred, however, were more ſanguine for the Completion of an Alliance ſo honourable to their Family, and which, they flattered themſelves, would make him a Convert to thoſe Principles he had of late ſeemed to have abjured.—They ply'd the Guardians of *Guideria* with ſo much Aſſiduity, that their Endeavours ſoon met with the deſired Succeſs. —The Settlement was made, the Marriage Writings drawn, and a Day appointed for the Solemnization of their Nuptials.

BOSCUS was always a great Lover of Shew, — nothing delighted him more than to attract the Eyes of the

the common People, and outſhine all thoſe of his own Rank; — he had now wherewith to employ his active Fancy, on that Score; — his Milliner, Peruke-maker, Taylor, Harneſs-maker, Painter, and all other Artiſts neceſſary for the ſetting out his Perſon and Equipage, were immediately ſummoned, and a grand Conſultation was held on thoſe important Articles. — It muſt be owned, indeed, that he made all the Preparations for exterior Pomp, that could have been expected from the moſt affectionate Bridegroom: But alas! his whole Regards were that Way laviſhed, and he took not the leaſt Care to adorn his Mind with thoſe Manners, requiſite to render the State he was about to enter into felicitous, or even tolerable.

GUIDERIA, in the mean Time, had her Thoughts taken up with very different Ideas. — The Agreement between the two Families was no ſooner made, than the excellent *Favonia* (tho' not idle in providing for her Daughter all the Ornaments befitting her Quality) was continually giving her Leſſons for her Behaviour towards him, who was ſhortly to become her Huſband. — She repreſented to her, that it was not enough to be ſtrictly virtuous, and to regard no other Man in any Degree of Competition with him; ſhe muſt alſo feel for him a certain Warmth of Affection; a Tenderneſs, which ſhe told her could alone make the Bonds of Marriage pleaſing to herſelf, or that Obedience, which was the Duty of a Wife, endearing to her Huſband.

THE charming Maid liſtened with the utmoſt Attention to theſe Inſtructions. — None of theſe eſcaped her Memory, and ſhe endeavoured with all her Might to bring her to ſuch a Diſpoſition, as ſhould enable her to follow them when called to the Trial. — Her Soul was caſt by Nature in the moſt ſoft and gentle Mould: — No ruffling Paſſions had ever interrupted its Serenity; — no Spite nor Malice had ever harboured there; a perpetual Harmony preſided over her Virgin Thoughts; in fine, ſhe, was adapted for the ſofteſt and moſt delicate Ideas of Love and Friendſhip, had the Perſon, in whoſe Favour her Mother wiſhed her to be poſſeſſed of them, took the leaſt Pains to inſpire her with them.

BUT

BUT that was not his Talent.— She muſt do all herſelf,— ſhe muſt either force herſelf to love him, or not love him at all.—Ignorant as ſhe was of the Myſteries of that Paſſion, ſhe too well remembered the Behaviour of *Arviragus* towards *Favonia*, not to perceive there was a wide Difference between that, and the Manner in which herſelf was treated by *Boſcus*.—She could not forbear, one Day, giving her Mother a Hint of what her Thoughts were on this Occaſion; on which the Relict of that truly great Man could not keep herſelf from letting fall ſome Tears, as the due Tribute to his Memory, whenever he was mentioned; but drying them as ſoon as ſhe was able, replyed, — *Ah, my dear* Guideria! *you muſt not expect to find a Huſband ſuch as* Arviragus *was*; — *few Men have*

an

an equal Degree of Tenderneſs with him, and fewer yet have his agreeable and polite Manner of expreſſing it. — Boſcus *may love you very well, but, perhaps, cannot declare in Words the Meaning of his Heart.* — *But ſhould he even be leſs ſenſible of a ſoft Impreſſion than we would wiſh he ſhould, it is your Intereſt as well as your Duty, to endeavour to inſpire him with it.* — *Love, if it does not create an equal Paſſion in the Object beloved, will certainly excite an Eſteem which comes pretty near it.*

SHE ſaid ſo much to her on this Head, that *Guideria*, convinced that ſhe ought to love him whether he made any ſuitable Return, or not, not only promiſed her Mother, but reſolved within herſelf, to regard him henceforward with all the Tenderneſs ſhe could, — to be pleaſed with every

every Thing he ſaid and did, and to reject all Imaginations, that he loved her leſs than he ought, or than his Friends pretended he did.

SHE had gone ſome little Progreſs in accompliſhing the Taſk ſhe had enjoined her Heart, and had probably gone much farther, if an unlucky Accident had not put a ſudden Check on her Endeavours, and well nigh utterly deſtroyed all the Effects of her late ſtrenuous Labours.

AMONG the many Irregularities of Conduct, which her intended Bridegroom was guilty of, that of drinking to Exceſs was not the leaſt conſpicuous.— He had one Day been pouring down his Throat ſuch plentiful Libations at the Shrine of *Bacchus*, that he was almoſt transformed into one of *Circe*'s Brutes: — He did not, indeed,

indeed, go upon all Four, but was far from being able to walk upright.—His Companions having left him, he took it into his Head to make a Viſit to *Guideria*.— She was drinking Tea with ſome Ladies, when he came in; — they were all frighted at the Figure he made: Nor was it to be wondered at, that Perſons not accuſtomed to ſuch Spectacles ſhould be ſo. — His Cloaths and Linen were all ſtained with Wine; — his Peruke on one Side, and half off his Head; — his Face pale and livid; — his Lips black and parched; — his Eyes red and ſtaring; —his Voice hoarſe and faultering, and his whole Frame enervated. — He threw himſelf into a Chair, and cried, *D—n your Tea, — I am faint, — let's have a Bottle of Viper Wine.* Poor *Guideria* was ſhock'd to the very Soul, but anſwered, That ſhe had never heard of the

the ſort of Wine he mentioned; but added, that the Butler ſhould be aſk-ed: — On which that Domeſtic was immediately called, and *Boſcus* repeating his Demand, was told, that *Favonia* never kept any of that Li-quor in the Houſe. *Stupid!* cried *Boſcus*, with a Horſe-laugh, *then I will go to Lady* Bumper's, *there I ſhall be ſure of getting ſome.* — In ſpeaking theſe Words he reel'd out of the Room.

GUIDERIA was too much con-fuſed at what ſhe had ſeen to be able to ſpeak; which the Ladies perceiving, took their leave, ſome pitying, and others perhaps laughing in their Minds at the Fate of a Perſon who had too many Perfections not to be the Envy of the vain Part of her Sex.

IF any thing could alleviate the Sorrow of *Guideria*, it was in being left alone, that ſhe might vent in Tears her Anguiſh of this dreadful Sample of the Treatment ſhe was to expect from *Boſcus*.

FAVONIA had been all this Time abroad, but was amazed to find at her return Home, the Eyes of her Daughter yet red with the briny Shower which had juſt been falling from them.

THE young Lady heſitated not a Moment to diſcover to her the Occaſion; on which the diſcreet *Favonia* ſhook her Head, but did not ſpeak for ſome Time: She probably wiſhed things had not gone ſo far, and that there was a Poſſibility of breaking off the Match without incurring the Ridicule

dicule of the Town. But as it ſeemed to her there was not any, and there was a Neceſſity for the Completion, ſhe diſſembled her Vexation, and the Contempt ſhe had for the Behaviour of *Boſcus*, as well as ſhe was able.

SHE told her Daughter, that the beſt of Men, through the Prevalence of Example, might ſometimes be guilty of the Fault ſhe complained of, and hoped *Boſcus* did not make a Practice of it; but tho' ſhe took care to ſay nothing that might encreaſe the Chagrin *Guideria* had conceived, ſhe felt too much within herſelf to be able totally to reſtrain it.— She ſent early the next Morning for a near Relation, and who was alſo one of *Guideria*'s Guardians. —— She acquainted him with what had paſſed in the Viſit *Boſcus* had made at her Houſe the preceding Afternoon, and

expreſſed the Apprehenſions ſhe was in of his future Conduct, and Treatment of her Daughter.

THIS Perſon, who was a Nobleman of the firſt Rank, was ſo much affected with what *Favonia* had ſaid, that he went directly to *Boſcus*, and repreſented to him, in the moſt pathetic Terms, how unbecoming it was for a Man of his Quality to be ſeen in the Condition above deſcribed. — *Boſcus* eaſily perceived from whence he had received this Intelligence, and therefore made no Attempts to render it invalid — on the contrary, he acknowledged he had unwarily been drawn in to be guilty of the Fault he was accuſed of —— ſeemed to be very much aſhamed of it, and proteſted there was nothing for which he had ſo great an Averſion as Drunkenneſs.

BUT

BUT as full of Contrition as he affected to be, both to this Lord, and afterward to *Guideria*, his Pride could but ill brook the Thoughts of having been called to an Account for any thing he had done. —— He ſecretly reſented it, and poor *Guideria* afterwards ſuffered by what her Kinſman meant as a Service to her. — So true are the Poet's Words:

Forgiveneſs to the Injur'd does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the Wrong.

No lucky Star interpoſing its Influence to ſnatch this illuſtrious Offſpring of *Arviragus* from the Misfortune ſhe was deſtined to undergo, and the Day appointed for theſe ill-concerted Nuptials being arrived, the much envied *Boſcus* led the beauteous *Guideria* to the Altar. —— The Cere-

mony was performed by a Right Reverend *Prelate*, and every thing was conducted with a Magnificence ſuitable to the Birth and Fortunes of the illuſtrious Couple.

THE Day being paſt in feaſting and rejoicing, at leaſt in a Shew of it (for ſome were preſent who too well foreſaw the Conſequence to have any real Chearfulneſs at Heart). Night came on — a Night which any Man but *Boſcus* would have languiſhed for with the extreameſt and moſt warm Impatience; but he behaved with a conſummate Moderation in this Point, and was ſo long undreſſing, that *Guideria* might have been aſleep if the Confuſion of her Thoughts would have permitted it.

AT laſt, however, the Friends of both Parties ſaw him laid by the Side

of his amiable Bride; and after the Formalities cuſtomary on ſuch Occaſions, every one retired. ——It will ſcarce be expected that I ſhould give any Deſcription of what paſſed in the nuptial Chamber, tho', according both to Hiſtory and Tradition, I might do it without any Danger of incurring the Diſpleaſure of my fair Readers, by calling a Bluſh into their Faces: But it will doubtleſs be agreeable to every one to be told in what Manner *Guideria* looked the next Day.— To ſatisfy this innocent Curioſity, I muſt ſay, that ſhe appeared neither pleaſed nor diſcontented. — A ſweet Compoſure ſat upon her Brow, yet mixed with a more than uſual Penſiveneſs, concerning which, thoſe who obſerved it formed very different Conjectures. — Thoſe who knew not with what Indifference ſhe had ever regarded *Boſcus*, imagined ſhe was ſecretly diſ-

guſted at any Interruption which detained her from the Society of her dear Bridegroom.—— Others, better acquainted with her Sentiments before Marriage, began to fear ſhe had ſince found no Reaſon to alter them in Favour of that State; but it was they alone who knew what *Boſcus* truly was, could penetrate into the real Motive.

SEVERAL Days paſſed over without *Guideria*'s expreſſing any Part of her Sentiments on the Change of her Condition, even to her Mother; but that good Lady, as well as the whole Town, was informed that *Boſcus* during that Time had given her but too much Occaſion for Complaint.

As he was almoſt continually abroad, ſhe alſo paſſed thoſe of her Afternoons, when no Company came

to

to her, in Viſits to her Kindred and Acquaintance.— She went alſo more frequently than ſhe had been accuſtomed, to the Play, Opera, and public Walks: —— Not that ſhe had a greater Reliſh for thoſe Diverſions, but in order to conceal that Melancholy, which ſhe could not keep herſelf from falling into, from the Obſervation of the Town. —— What mighty Reaſons ſhe had for Diſcontent I ſhall leave to be diſcovered by the Sequel, but great as they were, they yet were trifling when ſet in Competition with thoſe the Treatment of *Boſcus* to her in a ſhort Space of Time afforded.

CONSCIOUS of his Inability to uſe her as well as ſhe deſerved, and as ſhe had a Right to expect, he uſed her worſe than he would perhaps have done one who had not the leaſt Title

to his Complaiſance. —— Her very Virtue and Patience ſeemed to him ſo many tacit Reproaches of his Guilt —— He hated her even for giving him Cauſe only for loving and adoring her, and as it was not in his Nature or his Power to behave to her either with Tenderneſs or good Manners, curs'd that excelling Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition which prevented her from giving him Provocation, and conſequently from even a Shadow of Excuſe.

IT ſeemed, indeed, by the Manner in which he began to behave toward her, that he took a malicious Pleaſure in tormenting her, ſince what he did could turn to no other Account, except that of rendering himſelf deteſtable both to God and Man.

FROM

From even the first Day of their Marriage he had given her many Indications of his savage Nature, but the first open and demonstrable Proof of it, was his obliging her to discharge a favourite Servant, who had lived a long Time with her, and of whose Fidelity and Discretion she was well convinced.

This unfortunate Lady was one Morning at her Toilet, her Woman attending, when *Boscus*, with Spite and Revenge pictured in every Feature, came into the Room: —*I have something to say to you, Madam*, said he, *order your Servant to* RETIRE; she did so, and was instantly obeyed. —*I do not like this Creature*, resumed he, *and insist on your discharging her directly out of your Service.*

GUIDERIA could not keep herſelf from diſcovering a great deal of Surprize mixed with ſome Share of Indignation on hearing a Demand of this Nature, and more eſpecially as it was delivered in ſo authoritative and peremptory a Manner.——*It is ſo unuſual a Thing*, ſaid ſhe, *for a Man of Quality to interfere with his Wife's Servants, that you cannot blame me for thinking it extremely ſtrange you ſhould do ſo——nor can I imagine what Occaſion of Diſpleaſure can have been given you by a Woman, whoſe Behaviour has always gained her the good Will of every one.*

AS to my Reaſons, replied he, *it may not be proper at this Time to let you know them——beſides, I think it ſufficient for you to know it is my Will ſhe ſhould be removed.*

GUIDERIA

GUIDERIA had a very great Affection for her Woman, and would fain have argued him out of ſo unreaſonable a Caprice; but, alas! for her to ſeem deſirous of retaining her was far from being the Way to prevail on him to acquieſce——the more ſhe diſcovered her Reluctance in complying with his Requeſt, or rather his Command, the more he ſeemed determined to compel her Obedience to it; and ſhe was at laſt obliged to promiſe him, that as ſoon as ſhe could hear of a Perſon proper to ſupply the Place of her to whom he had taken this Diſlike, ſhe ſhould be removed.

THAT Evaſion will not do with me, cried he fiercely, *you muſt part this Hour, this Minute with her — I am determined not to ſuffer her in my*

Houſe any longer——I am going out and deſire you will ſend her hence before my Return, or you will oblige me to turn her out of Doors myſelf.

SHE then remonſtrated to him the Inconvenience it would be to her to be without a Perſon about her in the Station this Woman was, even for one Day——on which he told her he would take Care of that; and after repeating his former Injunction, went out of the Chamber.

Now was *Guideria* obliged to ſummon to her Aid all the Leſſons *Favonia* had given her, in relation to the Duties of a Wife, and to the Memory of them add alſo her own Prayers to Heaven, before ſhe could be enabled to obey the Commands of her imperious Tyrant.

THE Grief which the generous *Guideria* felt on the Neceſſity of being deprived of ſo valuable, and indeed ſo rare, a Jewel, as a tender and faithful Servant, was very much augmented by the Exceſs of Sorrow with which the other was overwhelmed on being informed ſhe muſt be ſeparated from her dear Lady, who could not help letting her know it was not through any ſecret Diſpleaſure ſhe had taken againſt her, but merely in Compliance with her Huſband's Humour that ſhe diſcharged her in this ſudden and unexpected Manner.

BOSCUS kept his Promiſe in taking Care to provide an Attendant for his Lady in the room of her he had compelled her to part with—— that ſame Day he preſented to her a Woman whoſe Appearance ſhe could

make

make no Objection to.——*Guideria*, however, could not be perfectly ſatisfied with the Change, not only becauſe it had been forced on her without the leaſt Reaſon, but alſo as it was done by an Authority which ſhe thought was not in the Province of a Huſband. Immediately after, as if he ſtudied nothing but to give her Pain, he turned away a Footman ſhe had brought with her from her Mother's, and who had lived in the Family many Years; and yet did ſhe bear both theſe Incidents with the moſt exemplary Patience, neither reproaching his Injuſtice, nor treating her new Servants with any ill Nature or Peeviſhneſs.

FAVONIA was ſoon informed of all this, as well as the diſſolute Manner in which her Son-in-law continued to behave, but forbore taking

ing any Notice of what ſhe knew to *Guideria*, finding ſhe herſelf was entirely ſilent on that Head.

THIS unhappy Lady, indeed, thinking the Misfortunes ſhe laboured under were now paſt Redreſs, forbore making any Complaint; which ſhe imagined would only afflict thoſe who heard them, without the leaſt Benefit to herſelf: But on the contrary her cruel Huſband might rather be provoked to uſe her yet worſe, in Caſe he ſhould receive any Reprimand for what he had already done.

RESOLVED therefore to make her Chain ſit as eaſy as poſſible, ſhe continued to indulge herſelf in all the innocent Diverſions befitting her Sex and Quality.—Much, it is certain, ſhe endured; yet her Virtue and Prudence enabled her to ſupport it, with

a Fortitude becoming the Daughter of ſo illuſtrious a Sire.

BUT this Conduct, ſo deſerving Admiration, was far from exciting any Eſteem in the brutal Heart of him who ought to have been moſt affected with it. — He rather looked on it, as the Effect of Puſilanimity, and Meanneſs of Spirit; and imagining ſhe was enough ſubjected to him, to be rendered ſubſervient to his Will, in what manner ſoever he ſhould pleaſe to exert it, had no longer the leaſt Regard to that Decency which ought always to be preſerved, even between thoſe whoſe greateſt Familiarities are authorized by Law.

HER Piety was frequently ſhock'd with the moſt prophane Diſcourſes, with ſuch looſe and ribald Expreſ-

ſions,

ſions, as would be ſcandalous in the Mouth of a Porter or Hackney Coachman; yet ſuch as he ſcrupled not to entertain her with, even in the Preſence of their Servants.—The Abhorrence ſhe teſtified at the impious Uſe he made of Language, only ſerved him as a Subject for Ridicule, and ſhe at laſt feared to attempt any thing in Contradiction to what he uttered, leſt he ſhould be provoked to become yet more groſs, if poſſible.

THIS, it muſt be owned, was terrible for a young Lady of the moſt chaſte Inclinations, and trained up in the ſtricteſt Principles of Virtue, to ſuſtain.—She trembled when he approached,—dreaded to be near him, and in Spite of all ſhe had been taught of the Duties of a Wife, could not keep herſelf from looking on him with Contempt, inſtead of Reſpect.

YET

YET notwithſtanding thoſe ſharp and poiſonous Racks of Mind ſhe muſt of Neceſſity endure, ſhe ſtill concealed them in her own Breaſt:— The Heavens alone were Witneſſes of her Afflictions; — to them alone ſhe poured out her Complaints, and invoked the Aſſiſtance of that ſupreme Being who created them, and all Things, for Relief in this diſtracting Circumſtance.

BOSCUS alſo had the Artifice to diſguiſe his real Diſpoſition, and behave in a quite different Manner, whenever *Favonia* or any of her Kindred were preſent, ſo that tho' they heard many Things concerning him, which they were far from being ſatisfied with, yet they had no Suſpicion of his being the Monſter he was.

THUS

THUS did the Virtue of *Guideria*, and his own Diſſimulation, ſhield him for a Time, from the Reproaches his bad Conduct, and worſe Humour juſtly merited. — This rendering him perfectly ſecure, he became determined to throw off all Reſtraint, and ſtop at nothing that might gratify his Inclinations.

THE Reader will, perhaps, wonder what I mean, as thinking nothing could be added to the ill Treatment I have already given a Deſcription of, as the Portion of the much injured *Guideria*; but alas! the Meaſure of her Woes was not yet full. —A greater, and more ſhocking Mortification than any I have mentioned, or ſhe had a Notion of, was in Store for her, and which not all her Patience could brook.— Patience, indeed,

indeed, would here have loſt the Epithet uſually prefixed to it, and been a Vice inſtead of a Virtue.

I HAVE already ſaid, that *Boſcus* was not contented with the common Ways of Sinning; — he had, beſides, a natural Propenſity to the moſt abominable of all Vices: But tho' he made no Scruple of practiſing it when Opportunity offered, it was, however, the only one he ſeemed aſhamed of, or made a Secret of.

GUIDERIA and he ſeldom ſlept in the ſame Bed, ſhe having entreated Permiſſion, on Account of his ſtaying out ſo late, to lie alone, which he had granted readily enough.

SHE was one Night in a profound Sleep, which the Reſtleſſneſs of her waking Thoughts had at length wearied

ried her into, when he came into her Chamber, and all inflamed with Liquor, tore down the Bed-cloaths, and was beginning to give her ſome Indications of his being that Moment actuated by the Inſpirations of the fouleſt Fiend all Hell contains.

WHAT Words can paint, what Heart conceive the Horrors which now ſeized the Soul of the virtuous *Guideria!* — 'Tis not in Nature, — 'tis not in Art, to expreſs what it was ſhe felt.

ALL the Meekneſs with which ſhe hitherto had bore his Inſults, now vaniſhed at this laſt and moſt ſhocking of all he had ever offered. — All that Fire which had urged her glorious Father on to Death or Conqueſt, in the Field of Battle, ſeemed in this Inſtant to invigorate her Soul. —

Monſter,

Monſter, cryed ſhe, collecting all her Strength to break from him, *Doſt thou not fear the awful Shade of great* Arviragus *will, for a Time, quit his Seat of Bliſs to ſave his Daughter from Abuſe? or, rather doſt thou not fear offended Heaven will ſend its Bolts of Vengeance on thy accurſed Head, and ſtrike thee dead at once.*

THE wicked *Boſcus* had imagined, that the Gentleneſs of her Temper would have rendered her entirely paſſive to every Thing he did, and was ſo much ſurprized at firſt, to find ſo ſudden a Tranſition from the moſt mild to the moſt violent Spirit, that he was unable to give any Interruption to the juſt Reproaches ſhe continued to make.

BE aſſured, ſaid ſhe, *that no Part of the Villanies thou haſt been guilty of*

of towards me ſhall longer be concealed; — I will proclaim my Wrongs to the whole Town, — will cry to Juſtice for Redreſs, and doubt not but to obtain it to thy everlaſting Shame and Confuſion.

THIS Menace recovered *Boſcus* from his Reſvery, and Rage getting the better of his Aſtoniſhment, he jumped out of his Bed, dragged her by the Hair of her Head about the Floor, giving her ſeveral Blows at the ſame time with all his Force, then opened the Door of the Chamber, and threw her on the Stair-caſe, where after ſpurning her as ſhe lay almoſt breathleſs, and reviling her in Terms ſuitable to his Actions, he left her, and went back to the Chamber, where he bolted himſelf in to prevent her returning.

What

What Fancy it was that came into his Head on this Score, cannot be ſaid; but ſure he muſt be as weak as wicked to imagine ſhe could entertain a Thought of returning after what had paſt. — No, that moſt unfortunate and moſt injured of her Sex would, in the preſent Agitation and Horror of her Mind, ſooner have choſe to plunge herſelf amidſt Flames, than have yielded herſelf again into his Power.

FAIN ſhe would have fled from that deteſted Houſe for ever; but ſhe was naked, had no one to aſſiſt or to protect her in her Flight. — In this helpleſs Condition ſhe knew not what to do. — The beſt Expedient ſhe could think of was to try what her new Waiting-woman would do to ſuccour her in ſo terrible an Exigence.

Exigence. — She therefore groped her Way, as well as ſhe could, up to her Chamber, and finding the Door locked, ſhe knocked, and called to her to open it; but was ſome time before ſhe could make her hear, being obliged to ſpeak in a low Voice, for fear of waking any of the other Servants, and being expoſed to them in this diſtreſs'd and piteous Condition.

THE Fright this poor Woman was in on opening the Door, is not to be expreſſed; — ſcarce could ſhe believe the Teſtimony of her own Eyes, or aſſure herſelf it was indeed her Lady that ſtood before her. — To ſee a Woman of her illuſtrious Birth thus disfigured, — barefoot, — no Covering but her Shift, and that alſo torn in many Places, — her Hair diſhevell'd, and hanging over her Face, — her

Eyes drowned in Tears, and Diſtraction, Shame, and Grief, in every Feature. — Such a Spectacle, I ſay, muſt have excited Compaſſion in the moſt ſavage Heart, much more in that of one, who, tho' taken into the Family by *Boſcus*, was far from approving his Conduct and Behaviour.

THE good Creature would fain have prevailed on *Guideria* to go into the Bed, fearing the Air might be of Prejudice to Limbs ſo tender and delicate as her's, tho' it was not at that Time the coldeſt Seaſon of the Year; — but ſhe was not to be perſuaded, and only deſired ſhe would lend her ſome Garments to keep her from being expoſed, and then accompany her to her Mother's Houſe, ſhe being afraid to go ſo far alone at that Hour.

THE former Part of this Requeſt was immediately complied with by the other; but as to the latter, ſhe ſaid it was a Thing ſhe would gladly do; *but my Father*, ſaid ſhe, *is one of my Lord's Tenants, and ſhould I be known to aſſiſt your Ladyſhip in leaving his Houſe without his Permiſſion, it would not only be the Ruin of myſelf, but of all my Family.* — *This, however I will aſſure your Ladyſhip, that ſhould my Lord attempt to offer you any ſecond Inſult, I will protect you from him, even with the Hazard of my Life.*

POOR *Guideria* was obliged to content herſelf with this; and having accepted of the Covering the other preſented to her, ſat down again on the Bed, and leaned her Head upon

the Pillow, not to ſleep, but to ruminate on her forlorn Condition.

IN this Poſture ſhe continued, without ſpeaking one Word, till ſhe ſaw it was broad Day; then ſtarted up, and having nothing in her Mind but flying from a Houſe where ſhe had been ſo inhumanly uſed, and the Preſence of her ſavage and more than brutiſh Lord, ſhe deſired her Woman to let her have a *Capuchin*, ſaying, ſhe believed there was now a Chair, or Hackney-Coach, to be met with, if not, ſhe would walk to her Mother's.

THE waiting Woman was very much alarmed at finding ſhe perſiſted in her Reſolution to be gone, and falling on her Knees, conjured her to conſider on this Step before ſhe took it. — *What*, cried ſhe, *will the World ſay*,

ſay?—what may not my Lord inſinuate, to the Prejudice of your Ladyſhip's Character, ſhould you depart in this clandeſtine Manner?—I know nothing of the Law, continued ſhe, *but I have heard ſay, that when a Wife goes from her Huſband without his Privity or Conſent, ſhe gives him all the Opportunity he can deſire to juſtify his own Conduct, and blacken her's.—I moſt heartily beſeech your Ladyſhip, therefore, to ſtay till my Lord is gone abroad, and then ſend for your Friends, and have their Advice how to proceed.*

THO' *Guideria* eaſily perceived what ſhe ſpoke was dictated by her Fears for herſelf, yet ſhe found ſo much Reaſon in what ſhe alledged, that ſhe thought herſelf obliged in Prudence to act in the Manner ſhe adviſed.

SHE was ſcarce fixed in this Determination, when ſhe heard the Voice of *Boſcus* below Stairs very loud. — The Sound was ſo dreadful to her Ears, that ſhe already repented ſhe had liſtened to her Woman's Arguments, and was more than once about to open the Door, and run down; but was as often prevented by the other catching hold of her Garments, and remonſtrating to her the Impoſſibility there was of her getting out of the Houſe, without being ſeen either by my Lord himſelf, or ſome of his Servants, who, doubtleſs, would inform him that Inſtant, — *And then, Madam,* ſaid ſhe, *your Ladyſhip will be ſtopped, and a Kind of Pretence given for his future ill Treatment.*

WHILE

WHILE they were debating, ſomebody knocked at the Chamber Door ——ſhe opened it, and *Guideria* ran into a Cloſet.

THE Fumes of Wine being a little evaporated by Sleep, *Boſcus* began to reflect on what had paſſed, not with Repentance or Remorſe; thoſe kind of Emotions were not in his Nature; but unwilling to have his Behaviour known to the World, he thought beſt to work upon the tender Heart of *Guideria*, by counterfeiting a Sorrow which he had not the Power of feeling ——he was ſenſible, that if ſhe made any Diſcovery of that Night's Tranſaction to her Friends, he ſhould be obliged to part with her, and conſequently with the large Fortune ſhe had brought in Marriage; neither of which, eſpecially the latter, was at all

agreeable to his Inclinations —— He therefore reſolved to put a Stop to any Meaſures ſhe might take for that Purpoſe, if there was a Poſſibility of doing ſo—He aroſe, tho' it was an Hour in which he uſually was but in his firſt Sleep, and called for one, then another, of the Servants, and demanded if they had ſeen their Lady: But none were able to give him any Information; and yet he was confident ſhe could not be gone out, not only becauſe the Porter aſſured him ſhe had not paſſed the Gate, but alſo as ſhe was naked when he thruſt her out of the Chamber, and her Dreſſing-room, where all her Apparel was kept, was within that where he had ſlept, the Door of which he had locked.

BELIEVING therefore, that in this Exigence, ſhe would naturally have Recourſe to her Woman for Shelter, he

he ordered ſhe ſhould be called down; and it was the Footman who was ſent on this Meſſage, whoſe knocking at the Door had alarmed *Guideria*.

THE Waiting-woman being told that ſhe muſt come immediately to my Lord, anſwered that ſhe would follow preſently; on which the Man went down —— but ſhe would not leave the Room till her Lady had given her Word and Honour not to ſtir thence till ſhe returned—The other then aſſured her ſhe would bring a faithful Account of what his Lordſhip ſaid to her, and went down.

THE firſt Queſtion ſhe was aſked by *Boſcus* was, if ſhe had ſeen his Wife? To which ſhe replied in the affirmative, and added, that her Ladyſhip was very much indiſpoſed. *If ſhe is*, ſaid he, *I ſuppoſe you know the*

Occaſion of it —— *I drank too much laſt Night, and I believe I might treat her ſomewhat roughly*——*tho' I do not well remember what I did.*—*Prithee*, continued he, *what does ſhe ſay?*

SHE was too diſcreet to make any Report which ſhe thought would aggravate Matters, which ſhe found were bad enough between them, and only told him that her Lady had placed no Confidence in her ſince her firſt coming into the Family — that ſhe only imagined ſome Words might have paſſed, which her Ladyſhip reſented, by her coming up into her Chamber quite naked to her Shift, and deſiring her to bring her ſome Garments to preſerve her from the Cold.

WHAT! reſumed *Boſcus* haſtily, *did ſhe aſſign no Reaſon for her coming*

ing to you in that Manner? Not in Words, replied ſhe; *but her Tears, and the Confuſion ſhe was in, but too well aſſured me there had been ſome Subject of Quarrel.*

WELL, reſumed he, *tell her I am ſorry for what has happened, and deſire her to come down that I may aſk her Pardon*— On which ſhe replied, that ſhe ſhould deliver his Lordſhip's Commands; but could not help ſaying, ſhe apprehended her Lady was in too much Terror to venture into his Preſence. — *I will do all I can however*, continued ſhe, *to endeavour to prevail on her.*

I ſhall take it kindly of you, ſaid Boſcus; *but if you ſhould happen to plead in vain, and ſhe does not come down by the Time I may imagine you have urged all the Arguments in your*

Power to perſuade her, I ſhall come up myſelf, and try what my own Rhetoric can do.

HE ſpoke theſe laſt Words with a half Smile, and the Woman making a low Obeyſance, left the Room, in order to fulfil her Promiſe.

BOSCUS, it is certain, was extreamly uneaſy in his Mind — there were ſome Parts of his Behaviour to *Guideria* which he dreaded ſhould be made known, as he doubted not but they would ſoon be, without a Reconciliation — it therefore behoved him to employ all his Artifice to bring her back to that Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition he found he had too much depended upon; and in the preſent Suſpence he was in for the Succeſs of his Diſſimulation, endured ſome Part of the Puniſhment his Brutality deſerved

ſerved from Heaven, and the much wronged *Guideria*.

IN the mean Time, the Attendant on that unhappy Lady found the Taſk ſhe had been enjoined impoſſible to be accompliſhed. — She no ſooner opened her Mouth to ſpeak the Meſſage had been ſent by *Boſcus*, than *Guideria* ſtarting from the Place where ſhe was ſitting, *What!* cried ſhe, *does the Monſter think I will ever ſee him more?* — *Much leſs that I can pardon the unparallel'd Affronts he has offered me.* — *No*, continued ſhe, *I will be gone this Moment, nor ſhall he dare to detain me*; — *if he attempts it, my Cries ſhall ecchо even to my Mother's Houſe.* — Her Woman then beſeeched her only to hear what ſhe had farther to acquaint her with, after which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would not offer to oppoſe her Ladyſhip's Intentions,

tions. —On this Condition ſhe was prevailed upon to ſit down again, while the other related the ſeeming Contrition of her Lord. —She added alſo ſome Remarks of her own, concerning the ill Effects of Wine, on which alone ſhe laid the Blame of all he had been guilty of; — but in vain were theſe Obſervations urg'd, however reaſonable they might be on the Score of other Men: *Guideria* was too good a Judge, not to be ſenſible the Treatment ſhe had received from *Boſcus* was inſtigated by Motives leſs excuſable than thoſe which merely Drinking could have inſpired him with. —She therefore gave little Ear to what her Woman ſaid in his Behalf, and remained ineflexible in her Reſolution to depart. —She kept Silence, nevertheleſs, on this Head, and her Woman had no Suſpicion of the worſt Part of her Lord's Behaviour.

— As

—As ſhe had given her Promiſe to acquaint *Guideria* with every Thing *Boſcus* had ſaid, ſhe was about to tell her, that if ſhe would not go down to him he was reſolved to come up to her, when they ſaw him entering the Room, his Impatience not ſuffering him to wait any longer the Effect of the Meſſage he had ſent.

GUIDERIA being oppoſite to the Door, was the firſt who perceived him, and ſhocked at the Sight turned haſtily away, and ran to a Window, the Caſement of which ſhe opened, and looked out to avoid ſeeing him, and as much as poſſible the hearing any thing he ſhould ſay; — but *Boſcus* was not of a Humour to be eaſily rebuffed, — he went to her, and catching hold of one of her Arms, obliged her Body to turn back, tho' ſhe ſtill kept her Head averſe, and

ſtruggled

ſtruggled with all her Force to get entirely loſe from him. — *I do not wonder, Madam,* ſaid he, with the moſt penitential Air, *at your too juſt Diſpleaſure, but would entreat you to remember, that the forgiving of Tranſgreſſions is the moſt acceptable Sacrifice we can make to Heaven.* — *Name not Heaven,* interrupted ſhe, *'tis Hell alone ſhould furniſh Similes for aught that thou canſt aſk.* — *Forgive!* — *no.* — *When I forgive, I muſt forget I am the Daughter of* Arviragus, *whoſe Name, if living, would have made thee tremble;* — *forget the Principles of Virtue in which my Youth was bred!* — *forget all Diſtinction between Fame and Infamy, and become, like thyſelf, abandoned to all Senſe of Honour!*

IT is not to be doubted, but that theſe Words ſtung *Boſcus* to the quick;

quick; but he concealed his inward Vexation, thinking, if he could once compaſs his Point ſo far as to obtain a Reconciliation, he ſhould afterwards find Time and Means enough to ſhew his Reſentment; and looking on her with all the Tenderneſs he could aſſume, *How unhappy am I*, ſaid he, *to have incurred theſe ſevere Reproaches from you, and yet be ignorant how far I have deſerved them! — Alas! I was infatuated, — mad, — loſt to myſelf, — to all Conſiderations of your Birth, — your Merits, and the Reſpect your Character demands from all the World, but moſt from me. — I know not what I did. — Some confuſed Ideas run through my Brain; but form no ſettled Image of my Crime, which muſt be great indeed, when you refuſe to pardon.*

THE

THE Manner in which he uttered theſe Words almoſt tempted *Guideria* to believe, that he was in Truth as inſenſible of the Uſage he had given her as he pretended to be; yet as it was moſt groſs and ſhocking to her Remembrance, ſhe could not think of living with a Man, who, by the ſame Cauſe, might be hereafter, however penitent he was at preſent, induced to be guilty of the ſame Offence.—On her ſignifying ſomething to him of this Kind, he made a thouſand Proteſtations never to put it in the Power of Wine to render him criminal in any Shape whatever; *Ceaſe therefore*, ſaid he, *my dear* Guideria, *to entertain Thoughts of expoſing yourſelf, or an unhappy Man, whom you have made your Huſband.— Remember what your favourite Poet, Mr.* Dryden,

Dryden, *ſays, by way of Advice to thoſe who are joined in Wedlock:*

Secrets of Marriage ſhould be ſacred held,
Their Sweet and Bitter by the Wiſe concealed;
Errors o' th' one reflect on the other ſtill,
And when divulg'd, proclaim we've choſen ill.

IT would be too tedious, both to myſelf and Reader, to repeat the many Oaths and Proteſtations he made of a moſt hearty and ſincere Repentance for having done any thing to offend her:—the bitter Curſes and Imprecations he laid upon himſelf if ever for the future he was guilty of the leaſt Word or Action that might provoke her ſoft and gentle Nature to a juſt Reſentment, and the

Promiſes

Promiſes he gave of a thorough Reformation in his whole Conduct. — It will be ſufficient to ſay, that he at laſt obtained her Pardon, and an Aſſurance of keeping all that was paſt an inviolable Secret. — As this could not be done without continuing to live with him, ſhe yielded to that alſo, — to do the Honours of his Table, — to go abroad with him, appear in every Reſpect as his Wife to the Eyes of the World; but theſe Conceſſions were not made without exacting a ſolemn Vow from him, to behave to her in private as a Stranger; — that ſhe ſhould have an Apartment to herſelf, which he ſhould never attempt henceforward to enter, without having firſt received Permiſſion from her to do ſo.

THIS

THIS he readily agreed to, and perhaps with much leſs Reluctance than he affected.

THESE Preliminaries being ſettled, and ſealed with a faint Kiſs upon her Cheek, he led her down to her Apartment, her Woman following her. He took Leave of her at the Door of the outer Room, and told her with a Smile, that he hoped it would not be long before his Behaviour ſhould convince her he deſerved to be admitted there again.

SHE made no anſwer to theſe Words, either becauſe ſhe doubted the Sincerity of them, or that after the Indignities ſhe had received, ſhe thought ſhe had done enough in pardoning him, without giving him room

room to hope ſhe would alſo forget what he had done,

FINDING herſelf extremely diſordered through the Uſage ſhe had ſuſtained, — the want of Sleep, — and Hurry of Spirits ſhe had been in, ſhe went directly to Bed, and ordered her Woman to bid the Porter ſay ſhe was not at home to any one who ſhould come to viſit her, even tho' it were *Favonia* herſelf. — Dear as the Preſence of that Lady was always to her, ſhe choſe now to avoid it, rather than be obliged to forfeit her Word given to *Boſcus*, or invent any fictitious Cauſe for keeping her Bed. So ſtrict an Obſerver was ſhe of Truth, even in the moſt minute Circumſtance.

BOSCUS, in the mean Time, was highly tranſported within himſelf,

ſelf, for having brought *Guideria* to the Point he aimed at, eſpecially when he was told the Orders ſhe had given to be denied to all Company; for as People, who have no Honour themſelves, are apt to ſuſpect that of others, he imagined ſhe would not forbear making a Confident of ſome one or other of her Kindred, if any of them had happened to viſit her that Day.—He had not forgot the Rebukes he had received from her Guardians, concerning his Behaviour before Marriage, the Intelligence of which, he knew, muſt come from her; and ſet himſelf about contriving ſome effectual Method for preventing her from telling, for the future, any Tales to his Prejudice.

THE extream Youth of *Guideria*, and the Excellence of her Conſtitution, kept her from falling into a Fever, or

or any other of these inward Ailments, which might have been expected after the Sufferings of that dreadful Night; and tho' she did not leave her Chamber in three whole Days, it was only because the Bruises given her by the cruel *Boscus*, some of which were in her Arms, had not yet lost their Blackness. — During this Time, her deceitful Lord never went out, or came into the House, without inquiring of her Health, and sending up his Compliments to her in the most tender and respectful Terms.

THIS extraordinary Assiduity made her half flatter herself with the Hope, that the very Enormity of his late Conduct towards her, had, on Reflection, awakened a just Sense of Shame in him, and that he was indeed a Convert.

ON

ON the fourth Day, which happened to be that on which ſhe uſually received Viſits, ſhe appeared in her Drawing-room. — There was a a great deal of Company — *Boſcus*, contrary to his Cuſtom, alſo made one among them, and ſeemed ſo complaiſant to his fair Wife, that every one, in Spite of his Character before Marriage, believed him now a moſt obliging Huſband.

HE carried on this Shew of Reformation for about a Week or ten Days; but growing weary of the Conſtraint he put upon himſelf, he hit upon an Expedient which gave him ſome Relaxation, and an Opportunity of giving a Looſe to thoſe criminal Pleaſures he had of late only indulged in private. — It was this:

HE had a Kinſman who lived about twenty Miles from *London*, in a very pleaſant Part of the Country. He told *Guideria*, that the Air of that Place as well as the Company ſhe would find there, he was very ſure could not but be highly agreeable to her, and deſired ſhe would accompany him in a Viſit he intended to make there. — She heſitated to comply with this Requeſt, not that ſhe was averſe to taking the Journey, but feared it would be difficult to excuſe herſelf from partaking his Bed, without giving the Family Reaſon to believe there were ſome great Diſunion between them. — He ſaw into her Thoughts, and willing to eaſe her Apprehenſions on this Score, told her, he would only introduce her to the Lady of his Couſin, and go the ſame Day farther into the Country,

Country, where he had another Relation with whom he had Buſineſs, and would ſtay with him till the Meeting of the Parliament, after their Prorogation, obliged him to return to *London*. — *Then*, ſaid he, *I will call on you as I come back, and it ſhall be at your own Option either to come Home with me, or ſtay longer with my Couſin.*

ON hearing him ſay this, a Gleam of Satisfaction ſparkled in her Eyes, and ſhe readily conſented to do as he deſired. — They fix'd on the next Day after the Propoſal was made for their Departure, and the travelling Coach was ordered to be at the Door by Seven in the Morning; but *Guiderio* would needs take Leave of her Mother, and ſome others of her Friends. — *Boſcus* went with her that ſame Evening to *Favonia*'s, and that

good Lady was extremely pleaſed, as were all thoſe of her Kindred whom they viſited on this Occaſion, to ſee them in all Appearance ſo perfectly amicable.

THUS eaſy is it for People of Underſtanding to impoſe even upon the moſt diſcerning.—Thus does Miſery and the extremeſt Bitterneſs of Heart often wear the Face of Happineſs and Contentment, and attract Envy where Pity alone is due;—but to return:

AT the Time agreed upon between them, they ſet out with her Woman in the Coach, and two Footmen behind, one of whom was left to attend her, the other *Boſcus* took with him in his farther Journey.

THIS old Gentleman, his Wife, and their two Daughters, were all ſo much

much charmed with the Beauty, Good-nature, and Affability of *Guideria*, that they thought they could never ſufficiently expreſs how much they were ſenſible of the Honour and the Happineſs of having her for a Relation. — *Boſcus* came back in five Days. — They expected he would have ſtayed ſome Time with them, and being loth to part with *Guideria*, preſs'd him very much on that Head. — She trembled leſt he ſhould accept the Offer; but ſhe might have ſpared herſelf all Apprehenſions of that Nature: — he was too impatient to re-enjoy the Society of his diſſolute Companions in *London*, and pretending he had received a Letter which required his immediate Return on an Affair of the utmoſt Importance, ſo that he muſt be in Town that very Night, told them, if *Guideria* choſe to prolong her Viſit, he would not inſiſt on

taking her with him. — They all cried out with one Voice, that ſince her Lord had given his Permiſſion, they hoped ſhe would not think of quitting them ſo ſoon; — to which ſhe made a very obliging Reply, and cloſed what ſhe ſaid with Acceptance of their Invitation.

'TIS hard to ſay, indeed, whether *Boſcus* or herſelf was moſt ſatisfied at her being left behind. — He went, but not till he had given ſtrict Orders both to her Woman and Footman, that whatever Letters ſhe ſent to *London* ſhould be put into a Cover, and directed for him, to the End that he might ſee what they contained before the Perſons to whom they were addreſſed. — So jealous was he ſtill, that ſhe ſhould write any Complaint againſt him.

THE

THE ſtrict Piety, — the eaſy Politeneſs, and the uninterrupted Chearfulneſs, which reigned throughout this worthy Family, made *Guideria* think herſelf unmarried again, and at Home with her Mother, amidſt the Converſation of her own near and dear Relations: — So conformable was their Manner of Living to that in which ſhe had been bred, — and, indeed, it may be ſaid, that the Time ſhe paſſed here was the only happy Part of her Life, while ſhe was the Wife of *Boſcus*.

ON their repeated and earneſt Importunities ſhe ſtaid with them during the Space of ſix whole Weeks, at the Expiration of which, thinking a longer Abſence from Town, as her Huſband was not with her, would afford Matter of Speculation to the

Cenſorious, either on his or her own Account, ſhe reſolved to return.—She would have wrote for her own Coach to fetch her Home, but the Kinſman of *Boſcus* would by no means permit her to do ſo, *My Lord*, ſaid he, *may poſſibly be prevented by his Attendance on Parliamentary Affairs from coming down himſelf, and I cannot ſuffer your Ladyſhip to travel, ſhort as the Journey is, without a Conductor*; — *I will therefore have the Honour of waiting on you myſelf, and delivering you ſafe into my Lord's Hands.*

GUIDERIA would have ſpared him this Trouble, but he inſiſted on it, and ſhe was obliged to accept the Offer. — On their Arrival they found *Boſcus* at Home, he being apprized by a Letter what Day he might expect them, and an elegant Entertain-

ment

ment was prepared for their Reception.

BOSCUS received his charming Wife with a Shew of the moſt ardent Affection, and ſhe returned the Careſſes he gave her with a modeſt Satisfaction in her Countenance. — While they were at Table, the old Gentleman took an Opportunity of telling *Boſcus*, he thought him the happieſt Man in the World: *And*, ſaid he, *if you do not prove you know yourſelf to be ſo, by treating the amiable* Guideria *as ſhe deſerves, you would be no leſs unjuſt to yourſelf than to her.—I hope*, replied *Boſcus, ſhe has hitherto had no Reaſon to complain of me.*

SHE has, I dare anſwer, reſumed the Kinſman, *too much Prudence to complain for trivial Matters, and I ſhould be extremely ſorry to hear, that*

in thoſe of any Moment ſhe had Cauſe.

THO' theſe Words were occaſioned only by a perfect Knowledge of the Character and Diſpoſition of *Boſcus* before Marriage, and not from any Hint given by *Guideria*, yet they kindled a Fire in the ſuſpicious Breaſt of *Boſcus*, which broiled his very Heart. — Scarce could he diſſemble the inward Rage and Confuſion he was in. — He anſwered, however, with a forced Smile, that *Guideria* herſelf was the beſt Judge, and to her he ſhould never fear to appeal for all his Actions towards her. — *I believe, my Lord,* ſaid the too Good-natured *Guideria*, *no-body will pretend to cenſure your Conduct on my Account till they are authorized by me, and I flatter myſelf that will never be the Caſe.*

ONE

ONE would imagine a Declaration ſo obliging, and ſo unmerited on his Part, ſhould not only have aſſured him he had nothing to apprehend from any Malice in her Mind, on the Score of the ill Uſage he had given her; but alſo have inſpired him with ſo juſt a Senſe of her Generoſity, and Sweetneſs of Temper, as ſhould have charmed him into a Love of Virtue, even tho' he had not the Power of practiſing it himſelf.

BUT he was too rough by Nature, and too hardened in the long Exerciſe of Vice, for any Thing that was good, to make the leaſt Impreſſion on him. — He was pleaſed with what ſhe had ſaid, becauſe it anſwered his Purpoſe, and would give him an Opportunity of appealing to her own Words for his Juſtification, if ever

ſhe ſhould be provoked to accuſe him; but he neither loved her the better, nor had the more Dependence on her for it.

UNWILLING, however, the Converſation on this Topic ſhould be prolonged, he artfully evaded it by pretending to tell his Couſin ſome of of the News of the Town, and thus dropp'd a Subject ſeverely galling to his guilty Mind.

THIS Gentleman never had enjoyed his Health in *London*, ſo would not be prevailed upon to ſleep there any more than one Night.—Early in the Morning he took his Leave, and ſet out for Home, to the great Satisfaction of *Boſcus*, who, tho' he had ſaid all that could be to preſs his longer Stay, heartily wiſhed him gone from the firſt Moment of his coming,

ing, as the Preſence of ſo grave and virtuous a Perſon obliged him to put a Conſtraint upon his licentious Inclinations, even greater than that *Guideria* herſelf had done ſince his late feigned Contrition.

HE did not yet, nevertheleſs, entirely throw off the Maſk of Diſſimulation he had aſſumed. — He breakfaſted, — he dined, with *Guideria* the next Day, behaving to her with the greateſt Reſpect. —In the Afternoon they went together to wait upon *Favonia*, who was tranſported at the Sight of her dear Daughter after ſo long an Abſence, and more eſpecially at the good Harmony there ſeemed to exiſt between her and her Huſband. — *Boſcus*, in preſenting her to that good Lady, ſaid, with an Air of Gaiety and good Humour, *You ſee, Madam, I have got her again; but*

but I come to entreat you will do for me what I dare not do for myſelf; — *that is, that you will chide her for being ſo long a Truant to Love and Duty.* — *You are equally concerned with me in theſe Points, and I hope will exert your Authority to keep her from taking any more ſuch Excurſions.*

FAVONIA replied, that when ſhe gave her to him for a Wife, ſhe parted at the ſame time with all the Power ſhe had over her as a Parent; — that he had now the ſole Juriſdiction, and ſhe was certain *Guideria* would never attempt to break through it.

THEY paſſed the Time they ſtaid together, which was about two Hours, in a great deal of Pleaſantry. — *Favonia* would fain have perſuaded them to ſtay the whole Evening; but *Boſcus* excuſed himſelf, ſaying,

they

they had other Visits to make, — that he had been rallied on his being so long a Widower, and was impatient to let all his Friends see he was out of that forlorn Condition.

ALL this appeared so natural to *Favonia*, that she could not help believing he was an entire Convert from his former Principles, and tho' she had been told some late Stories of his Debaucheries, looked upon them rather as the Effects of the Pleasure some People take in Defamation, than real Facts.

BUT notwithstanding the outward Gloss he put on his Behaviour —— the Civilities he paid her when alone, and the Sprightliness he affected in Company, *Guiderio* imagined she saw something through it, which made her tremble —— she resolved however

however to give no Indication either to himſelf, or any other Perſon, that ſhe ſuſpected his Sincerity, but wait the Iſſue, which Time would produce.

TIME, indeed a very little Time, ſhewed her how falſe his Proteſtations were, and convinced her, that his Heart was ſtill the ſame, as when it urged him to thoſe brutal Actions he had taken ſo much Pains to engage her to forgive.

STRANGE is it, that as ſhe deſired no more from him than common Complaiſance, and was as unwilling as himſelf his Carriage to her in private ſhould be known to the World, he could not be content to let her live as ſhe now did, and he had ſo ſolemnly promiſed: But his own baſe Nature would not ſuffer him to judge of

of her's in any proportion as it deſerved —— He could not bring himſelf to believe ſhe would always be able to conceal from ſo tender a Parent, and one ſo highly reſpected by her as *Favonia* was, the ſhameful Secret of his Way of living with her at preſent, as well as the unmanly Wrongs and Inſults ſhe had received from him.

DETERMINED therefore to leave nothing to her free *Will*, but to put it out of her *Power* to make known his Villainy, he took Meaſures more grievous to ſuſtain than any ſhe apprehended from him.

HAVING by his late Behaviour in Public eſtabliſhed himſelf in the good Opinion of her Kindred, he thought he had now no more to do but to keep her out of their Sight, and to order Things ſo as that her ſhunning them

them ſhould appear the Effect of her own Humour, not any Deſire of his, or Act of Compulſion put in Practice by him —— All the Servants in the Houſe were his Creatures —— They had each of them Orders, that when *Favonia*, or any of the Friends, or even of the Acquaintance of *Guideria*, came to viſit her, they ſhould always be told ſhe was from Home, and at the ſame time conceal from her, that any ſuch Perſons had been there.

GUIDERIA was ſo much the Darling of all that knew her, that ſhe was ſeldom without having ſome or other of them with her, and began to think it ſtrange, that for three whole Days not one had either come to viſit her, or ſent to enquire after her Health —She was at that Time a little indiſpoſed with a Cold, and thought it

improper

improper to go out — ſhe therefore ordered one of the Footmen to wait upon her Mother, and let her know ſhe deſired the Favour of ſeeing her — The Fellow, who had his Leſſon from his Lord, brought for Anſwer, that *Favonia* was at preſent very much hurried with ſome Affairs of Importance, and could not ſee her till they were over—A Meſſage like this from a Mother, who had always been ſo tender of her, had certainly a Right to alarm her—She ſent alſo to ſeveral others of her Relations; but received only very cold, and ſcarce civil, Returns from any of them.

A Treatment, which ſhe was not conſcious of having done any thing to deſerve, made her extreamly uneaſy — She began to apprehend there was ſome foul Play in the Caſe; but by whom, or for what Reaſon, it had been

been practiſed, was not as yet in her Power to conceive—Reſolving however to be ſatisfied, ſhe bid the Woman order the Chariot to be got ready, being determined to go to thoſe in Perſon, whom ſhe found ſeemed ſo all at once averſe to coming to her—The Woman went out of the Room as if to obey her Lady's Commands, but ſoon returned, and told her that my Lord being to go a little Way out of Town that Day, made uſe of Six of the Horſes for the Coach, and another having been taken ſick, there was not a Pair for the Chariot—*Well then*, ſaid Guideria, *I will go in my Chair—I am ſorry to tell your Ladyſhip*, replied the Woman, *but the Chair by ſome Accident was broke as it ſtood in the Hall, and is now gone to be mended* — On this *Guideria* cried, *let a Hackney Chair be called*— The Woman not offering to ſtir, *Guideria* repeated

repeated what ſhe had ſaid; but the other ſtill remaining immoveable, and looking extreamly confuſed, made that unhappy Lady imagine there was ſomewhat more than ordinary in this: *What*, ſaid ſhe, *do you not hear, or think it is not your Duty to obey my Commands?* —The Woman, who in her Soul deteſted the Part ſhe had been obliged to act, burſt into a Flood of Tears—*Guideria* looked on her with the utmoſt Amazement, and aſked her what this ſudden Paſſion meant? To which, after a little Pauſe, ſhe replied, that what ſhe had ſaid was by my Lord's Orders —— that no Horſe in reality was ſick, nor the Chair broke, but that his Lordſhip had determined to prevent her from going abroad — *How*, ſaid *Guideria*, enraged at this Affront, *has he the Inſolence to think of confining me!* ——

But

But I will ſee if all the Family will dare to obey him in this Point.

WITH theſe Words ſhe flew down Stairs, and called for one Servant, then for another, and bid them get a Chair; but they all ſhook their Heads in Token of Refuſal, and ſlunk away ——She then went to the Gate, but the Porter told her he had Orders not to ſuffer her Ladyſhip to paſs, and on her attempting to force her Way, he had the Impudence to puſh her roughly back, ſaying he would not loſe his Place to oblige her —— She now found ſhe was indeed a Priſoner, but diſdaining to vent her Paſſion before the Servants, ſhe went to my Lord's Apartment——He was dreſſing, and gueſſing on what Buſineſs ſhe came by the Diſorder in her Countenance: *How Madam*, ſaid he, *am I to interpret this Viſit?*——

Is

Is it the Effect of Love, or Reſentment for ſome imagined Injuries?——*Baſe Man*, cried ſhe, *you never took any Pains to inſpire me with the one, and have given me but too much Cauſe for the other*—She then proceeded to enquire what Motive could induce him to deprive her of her Liberty; to which he anſwered with a Sneer, that ſhe ought to think herſelf obliged to his Tenderneſs for keeping her always near him——This contemptuous Behaviour made her loſe all the Remains of Patience, which the Knowledge of his cruel Orders had left in her—She upbraided—ſhe reproached his Injuſtice in Terms ſuitable to the Occaſion, and invoked Heaven to revenge her Cauſe——*If you are in the Humour*, ſaid he maliciouſly, *to petition above, your own Cloſet is the propereſt Place, leſt by continuing here I ſhould give you*

Room

Room for farther Accuſations ——
She went from him as ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe Words, not ſo much becauſe he had bid her, as becauſe ſhe found the riſing Paſſions in her Soul were growing too big for Utterance, and ſhe feared ſwooning away in his Preſence.

IT was indeed with much ado ſhe got to her Apartment, where throwing herſelf upon the Bed, ſhe gave a Looſe to the moſt bitter Agonies that ever overwhelmed a Heart — As the Paſſions, when in Exceſs, are ſeldom of any long Continuance, Rage and Grief at length ſubſided, and gave Place to more calm Conſideration — She now had the Power of conſulting within herſelf, how ſhe ſhould get free from the Tyranny of her inhuman Huſband, but could find no Means to do ſo, but one, which was very

very irkſome to her, becauſe it would expoſe her Wrongs to the loweſt of the People — Nothing however was ſo ſhocking to her, as the Thoughts of being kept a Priſoner in a Houſe, where ſhe ought to have had an equal Command with him, who had made her ſo—Reſolved therefore to publiſh her Diſtreſs, ſhe quitted her Chamber, in order to go into the Dining-Room, and call from the Window to the firſt Perſon ſhe ſaw paſs by, to acquaint them with her Caſe, and beg they would report it to *Favonia*: But alas! how greatly was ſhe diſappointed, when ſhe found not only the Door of that Room, but of every other in the Houſe, which looked into the Street, were all locked up by the Command of *Boſcus*, and the Keys taken out—Denied this laſt Reſource, ſhe went back into her Apart-

ment full of Agitations, which it is more eaſy to conceive than to deſcribe.

THE Greatneſs of her Soul would not ſuffer her to make any Complaints before the Servants—She contented herſelf with ſecretly bewailing the Severity of her Fate, and the little Probability there ſeemed of redreſſing it—She ſuffered therefore the Anxiety of her Thoughts to prey upon herſelf, and ſat like a ſecond *Niabe*, almoſt petrified with ſilent Grief.

THE barbarous Author of her Woes, during the Time of her Confinement, frequently viſited *Favonia*, under Pretence, that he thought his Wife was there, and come out of Tenderneſs to conduct her home — That good Lady complained to him, that ſhe was under ſome Apprehenſions her Daughter had forgot the Reſpect

Reſpect owing to her Character as a Parent — Told him, ſhe had been at his Houſe more than once, and had frequently ſent Meſſages; but neither herſelf, nor the Perſons ſhe employed, had of late found *Guideria* at Home — That ſhe had never returned theſe Condeſcenſions, either by coming herſelf, or making the leaſt Excuſe for not having done ſo.

BOSCUS replied with a gay Air, that he knew not how it happened — Should be extremely concerned for any Thing that ſhould give Occaſion of Offence to ſo excellent a Mother — That he was ſenſible *Guideria* had a Set of young Ladies, who would ſcarce part with her out of their Sight — That indeed he had too little of her Company himſelf; but would uſe all the Intereſt he had with her to oblige her to a Remembrance of the

Duty owing from her to her Ladyſhip.

THUS while *Favonia*, and all the Friends of *Guideria*, were equally diſpleaſed, and troubled at her ſeeming Neglect of them, and that unfortunate Lady herſelf endured Diſtractions of Mind, which were very near depriving her of Life, the wicked *Boſcus* revelled in the unbridled Enjoyment of his every licentious Wiſh, and the virtuous *Guideria* had the Mortification of hearing from her Priſon the many Oaths, and obſcene Expreſſions which he, and his diſſolute Companions of both Sexes, made uſe of in their ribald Mirth, either as they were romping in the Garden, or feaſting, and carouzing in ſome of the Rooms adjacent to her Apartment; but what was yet by many Degrees more terrible to her, was,

that

that tho' ſhut up from all thoſe ſhe wiſhed to ſee, ſhe could not avoid ſeeing him, whoſe Preſence was more terrible to her than that of a Spectre could have been.

WHEN full of Wine, and conſequently the ill Humours in him more outrageous, he ſeldom failed of going into her Apartment, having now no longer any Regard to the ſolemn Vows he had made of never entring it without her Leave—My Hiſtory is ſilent as to the Manner of his treating her in theſe Viſits, and only ſays, it was too groſs for Repetition, and that on her teſtifying her Abhorrence of his Brutality, he pinched, beat, and ſpurned her tender Body in the moſt cruel, and ſavage Manner.

WHAT Pen can deſcribe — What Tongue utter—What Heart can con-

ceive the Horrors —the Diſtractions — the Deſpair — the Agonies both of Mind and Body, ſuſtained by this moſt abuſed of Women! —Nothing but the Principles of Religion, in which ſhe had been ſtrictly bred, and had conſtantly adhered to, could have prevented her from flying to Death, as the only Reſource from a State, to which all Miſeries that ever had a Name were mean.

As it was not one, or two, or three, but many Weeks that ſhe languiſhed in this Wretchedneſs, the Reader will doubtleſs think it ſtrange, that *Favonia* and her other Friends ſhould reſt ſatisfied with the Excuſes *Boſcus* could make for her abſenting herſelf from them for ſo long a Space of Time, and not make farther Enquiry into the Matter— It will therefore

be

be proper to relate in what Faſhion he behaved toward them.

FINDING his Pretences of her being continually engaged on Parties of Pleaſure with other Company began to be ſuſpected, he at laſt ſaid ſhe was gone out of Town, and that her Reſolution of departing was taken ſo ſuddenly, that ſhe had not Time to apprize her Friends of it even by writing—— As this could not be contradicted, no body ſeemed to queſtion the Truth; but they could not in reality believe a Perſon of *Guiderie*'s Principles and Diſpoſition could become all at once ſo changed from what ſhe had been——They conſulted together on ſo ſtrange an Affair, and how they ſhould proceed, in order to get a more certain Information concerning it, than what they could receive from *Boſcus*, whom they now

began to ſuſpect was guilty of ſome unfair Dealing.

VARIOUS Stratagems for this Purpoſe were contrived, and put in practice: *Boſcus* was not only queſtioned by them all ſeverally, concerning the Place to which ſhe had retired, and her Reaſons for quitting him, but they alſo endeavoured to prevail upon every Servant of the Houſe to relate what they knew concerning their Lady; but they were all too much attached to their wicked Lord to be won over to the oppoſite Party. — All other Efforts being unſucceſsful, *Favonia* at length plainly told *Boſcus*, that ſhe feared there was ſome Miſunderſtanding between him and her Daughter, which had occaſioned him to ſend her away in that private Manner, and inſiſted on being

ing informed where he had diſpoſed her.

BOSCUS replied to this, that there was nothing in what her Imaginations ſuggeſted; but added, that if it were true, that there were any Diſguſt between them, every Man had a Right to place his Wife where he thought moſt convenient, provided he ſupported her well, and according to her Rank.

BUT how ſhall I be certain of that? cried *Favonia*, with ſome Sternneſs in her Countenance. — *My Honour*, replied *Boſcus*, not a little diſconcerted, *ought to be a ſufficient Security; but if you doubt it, I will ſend a ſpecial Meſſenger to her, and oblige her to give you an Account of the Treatment ſhe receives.* *Favonia* then told him, a Letter from her Daughter

would ſatisfy her; on which he took his Leave, aſſuring her, he would do as he had ſaid.

LITTLE, alas! did this tender Mother imagine, that in deſiring this Satisfaction, ſhe occaſioned freſh Torments to be inflicted on her wretched Daughter. — *Boſcus* perceiving his Artifices were ineffectual to impoſe any farther on the too long credulous Kindred of *Guideria*, reſolved to compel her to write to her Mother in ſuch Terms as ſhould make them all believe ſhe lived perfectly at eaſe, and had nothing to complain of; — but here his Vanity deceived him: He had indeed the Body, but not the Mind, of that abuſed Lady in his Power. — In vain were Threats; — ſhe reſolutely told him, ſhe would ſuffer every thing his Malice could invent, rather than yield to aid the baſe

baſe Deception ſhe found he was endeavouring to put upon her Friends. — Soon ſhe found the Menaces he gave her were not merely to frighten her, — ſhe felt the Sincerity of them in the moſt cruel Stripes, and other injurious Uſage; — he even held a drawn Sword pointed to her Breaſt, and ſwore that her Refuſal of his Commands ſhould be immediate Death; — yet ſtill did ſhe perſiſt. — The Spirit of the illuſtrious *Arviragus* ſeemed to inſpire, and ſhine with even additional Brightneſs in, the Soul, and all the Faculties, of this ſuffering Heroine; and enabled her to dare the utmoſt of his impious Rage. — Nor was the Cruelties he practiſed on her, nor the Fortitude with which ſhe ſuſtained them, the Effects of a ſudden Guſt of Paſſion on his Side, or tranſient Bravery on her's. —Day after Day, and Week after Week, he

continued to torment, and ſhe to endure, without receding from her firſt Deportment.

FOR about ten or twelve Days the Friends of *Guideria* waited patiently for the Reſult of the Promiſe had been given by *Boſcus* to *Favonia*; but finding no Effect of it, and that he avoided ſeeing them, tho' they frequently ſent to him for that Purpoſe, they no longer doubted but that *Guideria* was either dead, or lived under ſome very great Hardſhips, and were juſt going to take ſuch Meaſures as the Law directs in Caſes of this Nature, to oblige *Boſcus* to declare the Truth, when they were prevented by receiving an unexpected Information of the whole black Scene of Villainy.

THE

THE Waiting-woman whom *Boſcus* had placed about *Guideria*, in Spite of the Obligations her Family was under to him, had too much Virtue to approve his Conduct, and too much Good-nature not to commiſerate the Condition of her abuſed Lady. — Her Confinement, and ſome other Particulars of her ill Uſage, were not a Secret to any in the Houſe; but this Attendant, as being neareſt her Perſon, was the moſt ſenſible of any of the greateſt Part of her Sufferings; — ſhe ſaw the barbarous Marks of Violence imprinted on her Fleſh, — ſhe heard her Shrieks on receiving them, and was often a Witneſs of the opprobrious Language he treated her with, unbecoming even of the loweſt Rank of Men: And this long Series of uninterrupted Inhumanity filled her with Emotions which quite over-

overwhelmed all thoſe which had hitherto kept her ſilent, and thinking, that if her Lady died under theſe Calamities, ſhe ought to look upon herſelf as acceſſary to her Murder, reſolved to diſcloſe at once the horrid Secret to the Mother of that abuſed Innocence, and accordingly ſent the following Lines:

Moſt Honoured Madam,

"NOT the Ruin of an aged "Father, and a numerous Fa- "mily, nor the Danger of my own "Life, can any longer deter me "from acquainting your Ladyſhip "with the real Situation of your "much injured Daughter. — Ever "ſince her Friends have been denied "Acceſs to her, ſhe has been a cloſe "Priſoner in her Apartment. — "What her Treatment has been

"during

" during this Confinement I will not
" preſume to ſhock you with the
" Deſcription of. — I doubt not but
" on this Intelligence your Ladyſhip
" will take Meaſures for her ſpeedy
" Releaſe, and the Condition in which
" ſhe will be found, will be a ſufficient
" Teſtimony of the Uſage ſhe has re-
" ceived :— if not, I believe all the
" Family will not be wicked enough
" to join Perjury to the Guilt of con-
" cealing the Truth for ſo long a
" a Time. — I beg, however, that
" the Means, by which you have
" this Information, may be made
" known to my Lord as late as poſ-
" ſible. —— I am,

" With the moſt profound Reſpect,

" Your Ladyſhip's

" Devoted, Faithful,

" Humble Servant,

" AUDRIA.

IT would be needleſs to deſcribe the Conſternation,—the Horror, with which *Favonia* was ſtruck at this little Epiſtle; — ſhe ſent immediately for thoſe noble Perſons who had been the Guardians of *Guideria*, and ſome other of her neareſt Relations.—They preſently ſaw what was proper to be done, and, having obtained a Judge's Warrant, went with *Favonia*, attended by Officers of Juſtice, to the Houſe of *Boſcus*; but before they ſet out, it was agreed upon among them, to make their Entrance in this Manner:

FAVONIA, led by an old Gentleman of her own Family, and only one Servant, appeared at the Door; all the others ſtayed at ſome Diſtance, but within Sight of the Houſe. — *Favonia* told the Porter, ſhe deſired to ſpeak with his Lord, and being anſwered,

anſwered, that he was not at Home, (as indeed he was not) *Well then*, ſaid ſhe, *I muſt ſee my Daughter.* — The Fellow really was in ſome Confuſion, or affected to be ſo, and replied, that he was ſurpriſed her Ladyſhip ſhould make this Demand, ſince ſhe muſt know his Lady had been a long Time out of Town. — *I heard otherwiſe*, reſumed ſhe, *and am determined to be ſatisfied*; — *let ſome one ſhew me to her Apartment.*— While he was making ſome Excuſes to prevent her Ladyſhip from going up, her Footman gave the appointed Signal to thoſe without, who all came forward in an Inſtant, and ruſhed into the Hall.—The Officers produced their Warrant, — none dare oppoſe that Authority. — They ſearched every Room as they paſs'd, — burſt open every Door they found locked, till coming to *Guideria*'s Chamber, they

they found that wretched Lady ſtretched on the Floor, — her Hair diſhevell'd, — her Garments torn, and her Limbs ſo enfeebled with the Barbarities ſhe had even that very Morning received from the Hands of her unwearied Perſecutor, that ſhe was unable to pay her Obedience to thoſe dear Perſons, whom ſhe found were come to her Relief. — *Favonia* would have run to her, but was ſo overcome with Grief and Horror at the Condition ſhe ſaw her in, that ſhe fell into a Swoon; — proper Means being applied ſhe recovered, and a Torrent of Tears, the beſt Remedy for ſudden poinant Grief, gave ſome little Eaſe to the ſwelling Anguiſh of her Soul.

IMPOSSIBLE is it to expreſs the Agitation of mingled Rage, and Sorrow, which filled the Breaſts of every one in

in the Room. — The very Officers themſelves were ready to diſſolve at the Sight of ſuch Diſtreſs, and curs'd the unmanly Cruelty of *Boſcus*; — but as this was no fit Place to indulge either Grief or Reſentment, one of the Guardians of *Guideria* took her in his Arms, and carried her down Stairs; and having put her into her Mother's Coach, it was as much as himſelf, that afflicted Lady, and another Perſon of their Kindred, could do to ſupport her from falling off the Seat.

FORMS of Law muſt be obſerved, and in order to procure her the Juſtice they deſired, it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould appear in the deplorable Condition they had found her before the Civil Magiſtracy. — This being done, ſhe was conducted half dead to the

Houſe

Houſe of *Favonia*, where it is not to be doubted but all imaginable Care was taken to reſtore her.

THIS Thing preſently ſpread from one to another, till it became the Talk of the whole Town: *Boſcus* himſelf, before he returned, was told what had happened in his Abſence; he could ſcarce give Credit to the Report, as he knew *Guideria* was ſo cloſely kept, but flew directly Home to know the Certainty, which as ſoon as he did, he raved like a Man bereft of all Reaſon; — he accuſed the Servants either of Careleſſneſs or Treachery: —*Audria*, above all, was queſtioned, as being moſt with her, and conſequently moſt in Danger of being corrupted by the Promiſes her Lady might have made her; but ſhe had the Addreſs to ſilence his Suſpicions

picions by this evaſive Reply: *I proteſt to your Lordſhip*, ſaid ſhe, *that my Lady never made me the leaſt Offer of the Kind you mention; but if ſhe had, I ſhould have behaved as I have done.* — *For my Part*, continued ſhe, *I am apt to think ſhe took the Opportunity, when left alone, of caling from her Cloſet-window, to ſome of the People in the adjacent Houſes, as ſhe once intended to do from the Dining-Room, when your Lordſhip had the Precaution to order all the Fore-rooms to be locked up.*

PERCEIVING *Boſcus* ſeemed to think there was a Probability of its being as ſhe ſaid, ſhe entreated, as ſhe had now no longer any Lady to attend, that he would be pleaſed to diſmiſs her, to which he readily agreed, only exacting her Promiſe, that

that if the Affair between him and *Guideria* ſhould come to public Trial, ſhe would be wholly on his Side; but how far ſhe was from intending to fulfil this Promiſe, any one may judge by the Part ſhe had lately acted.

IT now behoved *Boſcus* to conſider ſeriouſly how he ſhould defend himſelf againſt the numberleſs Allegations *Guideria* would exhibit. — He conſulted with his Friends, — he adviſed with his Lawyers, who all of them, tho' they knew but a ſmall Part of the Injuſtice he had been guilty of, unanimouſly agreed, that it would be eaſy for his Lady to obtain a Divorce, and alſo to oblige him to refund every Shilling of that large Fortune he had received with her in Marriage; — but theſe were not

not the Articles, which gave him the moſt Pain. — He dreaded thoſe myſterious Iniquities (which as yet were only known to herſelf) ſhould be expoſed to the World, and alſo lay him under the Sentence of ſome ſhameful and corporal Puniſhment.

NOT mad *Oreſtes*, when haunted by the Furies, ſuffered Torments more ſevere than he did by theſe Apprehenſions. — The Agonies of his Mind threw his Body into ſo violent a Fever, that in a few Days his Life was deſpaired of. — Whether he really died of it, or not, is not in my Power to ſay: — the Moths, thoſe cruel Enemies to the Emolument of Poſterity, having ſo defaced and mangled that Leaf, in which the Ultimate of his Fate was contained, that I can only inform my Reader,

Reader, that either by his Death, or the just Decision of the Laws, the charming *Guideria* was once more at Liberty, and shone with all her former Splendor to the Eyes of the admiring World.

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